

jubilat



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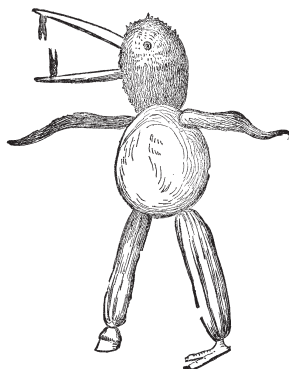


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ENDOWMENT
FOR THE ARTS

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Cover art by Grant Souders

WITCHCRAFT

William Fuller

After being possessed and overcome by the Devil I lost access to my own thoughts. This meant that in order to recover them, I had to ask question after question of strangers, which for the most part they couldn't answer. When someone felt he or she could answer, I took careful note of what was said and how it was said, and made a point to request an account of its origin and development. In this way, over many months and years, I was slowly able to regain access to my mental life, even translating it into propositions for public or private use. But problems soon arose when my intentions proved too elusive for my means to convey them, which resulted in unexpected deflections and distortions, and turned my ideas into twigs. Despite this I have something to tell you. What for so long you and I have observed together, day in and day out, has been constantly modified by what we don't see, leaving one whole side of experience blank. And now that we've grown old, we lack energy to work out what these dark lanes or vacant areas impart to us. Although the intellect takes pleasure in exercising itself according to the fivefold method—listening, reading, grasping, remembering, forgetting—there are some tasks that make it bristle. I hereby represent myself to you as the residue of things that aren't true. Or can these even be distinguished? Whose face shades the difference? Whose memory stores it?

KINGS

The chances are good you were built from kings like these, whoever you are, so it's no wonder they're inside you banging to get out and then regretting it immediately when they do—and I've come up from the basement with a stack of leaves and a bent candle, intending to set new rules for accepting appointments, although not today as I fall back on absolutely no resources, and even the kings are sleeping or at most paying attention to nothing but the garden's gradual self-augmentation. Over time they grow old, die, are buried, to rise again with green eyes, plant flowers, negotiate contracts, advocate secular liberation, seek repeal of Section 2 (a), and become comfortable with activities that are increasingly hard to define.

HORROR RAGE AND PALLID EXASPERATION

I can't really worry about what this says or doesn't say. To begin with our village has just imploded. All that remain are things not endowed with properties—certainly not enough to call them things. On another day a more generous analysis might point to the role these could still play in our sustenance, and how their sensed presence might actuate our seeking them out. Attempts could be made to arrange them mentally, and perhaps even physically if one imagines their arrangement to occupy something other than mental space—assuming the latter isn't also physical space—and in that condition they start to repel one another and eventually start to repel themselves, as the absence of properties yields a kind of free-for-all with no apparent logic or purpose. Nevertheless these movements urge us to observe. The more intently we study them, the more we seem to absorb their indeterminate character, bringing us into alignment with them, as though ceasing to be intelligible to ourselves and to others were a shared feature, a form of community, an objective world. If we could simply pause and ponder this we might come to lead normal lives—if normal signifies a kind of transcendence, or state beyond discernment and distinction, a grove, as it were, bordered by rocks jutting into the sun, which we stumble across in pursuit of some sister spirit, or lured on by the absence of curtains and the distant presence of trees.

ON A LEVEL

Ish Klein

IN THIS LEVEL FEAR IS THE MEDIUM
IN THIS WAY I AM A TRUE STOMACH

WHAT COMES INTO THE MOUTH GOES THROUGH ME
AND EXITS OR BECOMES STRUCTURAL

IN EITHER CASE IT GOES AWAY
IN EITHER CASE I REMAIN HERE

I DO NOT KNOW THE FUTURE AT ALL
I DO NOT KNOW THE STRUCTURE VERY WELL

SOME STOMACHS BECOME TOO FULL OF MUCUS
A WIDE TUBE OF CRAMPS AND UNDRY GLUE

THEY STARVE THEIR ORGANISM SLOWLY
AND THEY TOO DIE OR ARE HELPED BY MEDS

SOME SAY THEIR COURSE WAS SELF DESTRUCTIVE
THOUGH MAYBE IT IS NATURAL TO MOVE

I AM AMBIVALENT AS STOMACH I FEAR MEDS
I KNOW THE MAN WHO LIVES IN THE BRAIN

I DO NOT WANT TO STARVE HIM
I STAY AWAY FROM THE MAN WHO LIVES IN THE BRAIN

STOMACHS AND BRAINS MUST NOT TOUCH IT MUST
BE LEARNED OR THE STOMACH RISKS FILLING

OUR HUMAN HOST WITH BRAIN DESTROYING ACID
WHICH WILL ALSO CAUSE HIM MOUTH AND JOINT PAIN

OR HIS BRAIN WILL EJECT ME NATURALLY
WITH THE MUCUS GHOSTS

AND I WILL BE A BLADDER OF MUCUS
IN AN ANIMAL FREE LANDSCAPE

THEORHETICALLY I AM ALREADY THERE
I MENTION TO THE BRAIN I MAY BE DONE

WITH CIRCULATION I WILL MOVE OUT SCREW FEAR
HE SAYS MY ENVIRONMENT IS ALWAYS ME

GHOSTS EVERYWHERE I GO HE SAYS I WOULD FEEL
AFRAID AND SWAMPED WITH MATERIAL

I AM TREATED TO PICTURES OF STILLBORNS
AT THIS STAGE I WOULD BE A STILLBORN

I AM SWAMPED IN THE ACID OF THE BRAIN
WHICH KEEPS THE ORGANS IN THEIR PLACE

WHICH IS IMPORTANT TO THE HUMAN
AND THE PRECIOUS HUMAN FAMILY

THE MAN IN THE BRAIN HAS HIS OWN STOMACH
EVERYONE IN HIS FAMILY DOES

I AM JUST AN ENVIRONMENTAL INDICATOR
WELCOME TO THE NEW FULL EMPLOYMENT

HE SAYS TO STOP COMPLAINING
YOU ARE LUCKY TO BE ANYWHERE

I AM LUCKY TO HAVE THIS WORK
WORK WORK WORK WORK WORK RWOK OWRK WR0K KROW O

O IS A HUG K IS A PUNCH IN THE FACE
W IS SHAME R IS A ROSE

A BOOK DESCRIBES MY COMMON PROBLEMS
A STRUCTURAL INCOMPLETENESS

A RESULT OF OPIATES MILK AND WHEAT
WHILE FORMING WITH FEAR

LOOKING BEYOND MY SPECIALIZED FLESH
I WAS WARNED BY THE LUNGS AGAINST THIS

BRAIN FLASH JUDGE NOT LEST YE BE JUDGE
I UNDERSTAND BRAIN THAT I DO NOT UNDERSTAND

WHILE FORMING MEANING YOU WERE HOMELESS HE SAID
YOU FELL PREY TO A MIRACULOUS INJECTION WHICH GAVE

THE ABILITY TO RELAX ESCAPE ETC
YOU ARE HOOKED ON THE ESCAPE THING

THAT IT COULD BE OUT THERE WAS AMAZING
BUT IT WAS A BITCH TO SECURE

YOU THINK YOU ARE GETTING ONE THING
IT TURNS OUT TO BE A VIRUS

SO THAT IS WHAT IT WAS
I AM SORRY FOR WHOEVER MAY HAVE TAKEN UP

THAT CRAVING YOU CAN LET GO
OLD PEOPLE TELL ME THAT FEAR IS AN ILLUSION

THIS IS WRONG FEAR IS FIRST WATER
FROM THERE YOU MOVE ON

TO THE HIGH WIRE OR THE TRAPEZE

AS A GOOD IDEA

OR FROM THE LUNGS AS AIR

AFTER A DEEP SILENCE TO WHICH I HAVE NEITHER LISTENED NOR LEFT

Jane Gregory

When sense was a spoon in the brain I was a prince and I
want to go home just like you know isn't it just this that
there is or isn't there just nothing else cruelty built
bird's nest out of birds or declarative lie the birds on the field
to keep memory elsewhere I was in the woods and all I want
's in the woods to be in the woods where everything is

ambiguous from inside this transition and the moon just goes
behind that cloud just like the point is the same as its ruin
and why not ruin everything everything that waves and every
single wave to indicate a first awareness of its own death
tenderer tenderer now now grief's beach a great offering
to which I am not bolted a drowning having borrowed one
self's becoming and another's un

insofar as love is about death

one has observed the efforts of the tide and then directly seen the
eyes of the wolf and then that whole wolf relinquish all the difficulty
in how difficult it is to be a wolf, as it is so difficult to be a wolf,
betides. Because I am nothing it is impossible to hate me for saying,
say,

The Book of Memory and Death was a lyric subject after the death thereof in a prose lyric compared to a painting.

Already I'm at the wrong party and everybody is an audience who hates me. The painting is "Niagara Falls." Very well, the party is the noise going on and on.

Tenderer, tenderer now.

Now I went to look after 'self' in the index of one book as a beginning. I described myself as thinking of inventing the self as a thing to be indexed. This just isn't going to do it.

I forgot to observe all of the first things you would never, my brother, meanwhile just this baby

was. I just want to rally to end all rallies. I want to do something really really good that begins to be an understanding for a lot of others. It is almost as though I never was.

Spend all your time willing and get heavier and heavier at the elbows. Bury your hands and just keep burying them. I think I am becoming a hero and this is what it feels like.

I HAVE BEEN AN ALLEGORIST THE BABY AND THE GHOST NOW FIND THEM AND REPLACE THEM

What was learned by the waves of their unending under the wind which
irritates the sand was either not long for this world or to not long for it

*mess with me will a sentence be the baby of the best of us which takes
from all the rest of us*

It must be time, that unlimiter of suffering unlatching itself around an
occasion, by which I am obsessed, into which I am hurled and cannot
stand

Paranoia is a literal being beside oneself, although I am looking in the
mirror at nothing like my real face

Come out of the tent and do not be dead

Dear sirs dear address dear all of my strangers all and each one nothing
and a band of nothing and others nothing besides us

No, I am the unlimiter, untimlier!

I cannot be but bothered with molecules, the study of solutions, but
infirm, fear intuned, and that I feel what I cannot feel I am proof of
concept, an abstract mode trying to be practice despairing to prosper

I am writing and describing myself writing and suddenly beside a horse
in a field where everything is a version of everything else

THERE IS A REASON WHY YOUR HEAD IS TREATED THIS WAY

Dakotah Burns

I seem to be working at that café.

I blink five times and touch your knee cap, but not in a fervid way,
more in a proprietary, *does your knee cap need anything*

sort of way. I cannot help you, but I am definitely good-natured.

I will not speak to you, but I did touch the crux inside your elbow,
the best part of your arm. Sometimes it seems like I touch you all over.

It's never a problem. I work here. There are different ways in which

I spilled coffee on your temple, face, mouth, lap and crown. My favorite
is the one in which you provided me with a sense of human hair.

Everyone in the café stopped, realizing a kind of marriage had occurred.

Those were the minutes, when every patron was silent, that you and I
seemed to be holding hands, and the air was so void, such a death of air,
that we couldn't decide if it were crisp and abandoned without odor
or if the crop of murdered air had its own fragrance,

like beans on a damp towel in the first drawer of my café vault.

And either way, don't both our hands soften and sink to think about it,
how close we are to crumbling, like licking a chipped tooth?

ANOTHER TENSE MOMENT WHILE LYING BESIDE JUDY GARLAND

I lie beside Judy Garland and say May I just
touch the side of your face as if I were to kiss you
so long as I do not actually kiss you? and then
I realize it's Judy Garland and recoil in awe

BIBLICAILITY

Kelin Loe

GO GO GREEN HELL—I'm all groan—I'm all grown up—

We waited and blasted pragmatic and frantic past the immaculate break in the latex, patty cake in our gas tank, the alchemy elastic of our fastening Cadillac evaporated after this fucking jocular massacre.

The butane baby will blame us later—gain our better taint. Terrained and aged and awful and screw the grater so so bad—

Awake in the hallway—I'm not scattered about you—I'm all about you—

Agree with mediocrity—at some point you leave so banner your hands on me. Borrow these bed sheets and battle the breaking babel with wound.

+

I see your pee and know it's noon and I haven't peed today. Chase this tang chase this pain chase this exacting tang and manipulating parade after forsaking your other alter-eager as I scuffle through each and every year tell me ten more times do you want me here.

I was made to believe there's something wrong with me—sorry this noise is all my honesty.

The tapping nails on this ultimatum matchboard watch me playing Mary. Take anticipation like a bulb in the armpit, mistake in the bulgur.

Poon like it's over me. I know your voice isn't this deep (it works for me).

+

Family pulping. It smells like the in between of a tree's ass cheeks in here. Pardon practically and spatter. This gets worse worse.

Lock this in lock this in. I'm worried I will let this down. Don't let up—let the cartography get the rest of you—don't let eternity make this lonely.

I smell chiefly trees between you—this is a mess of matter timber—thicket equipment greater than every dick in this slitting perpendicular splayed and delaying static—polaris and kited pudendum—onerous precise and terrified—that's about the size of it.

Futurecome futurecome collapse in collecting all these extra. I could spread them out again. I'm asking after your ascot. I can't neck my way to you, it's time I came for you.

Go, go, green ghosts! Meet our melody loaded home! The entry is way
way eager. Greet this slow and siren.

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

—Jack Johnson vs. Jim Jeffries, July 4, 1910

Adrian Matejka

Round 1

The fourth day of July & the sun can't hide
in the blue. James Jeffries can't hide either.

That's why he drew the color line when
he was champion. That's why he retired

& bought a farm. Excuse after excuse to avoid
me, even when that writer London begged

him to take the championship back for the white
race. It's up to you, Jeff! while Jeffries was busy

hitching a plow in Burbank. Jeffries wanted
none of it then & being in the ring with me

didn't convince him to reconsider. He brought
the clinching game as soon as the bell rang:

half wrestling, half jostling for any opening
to rabbit punch. No leads, but he feinted

some & leaned on me like we were dancing
partners. Someone yelled, *Cut out the motion*

pictures! & the bell rang. I smiled, patting
his shoulder on the way back to my corner.

One last gentlemanly gesture before the hurt.

Round 2

Jim Corbett paced outside the ring
like one of those circus tigers before
the man with the whip shows up.
He kept yelling *nigger* as if name
calling could move me when Jeffries
couldn't. Corbett must not have heard
the band playing "All Coons Look
Alike" when I split the ropes.
I've heard that same song my whole life.
When the usual offenses didn't work,
Corbett said unrepeatable things
about my mother hoping to make me
fight wild. I snapped Jeffries' head
back with a right & Corbett said:
He wants to fight a little, Jim. I gave
Jeffries another right to the gut, then
a left to the face. *You bet I do*, I told
them all. Waiting lathers a man up.

*

Jeffries stretched out that long left paw of his, crouching a little
to put the scare of a crotch punch in me. A red-hot sun poured
down on our heads. All the while, he chewed a piece of gum

like a milk cow chews cud. When he finally came at me, I shifted left, hit him so hard with a left uppercut he had to hang on me like a museum picture hangs on a nail to keep from falling out right then. *All right, Jim*, I told him, *I'll love you if you want me to*.

Round 3

I knew before
the fight I would
hurt Jeffries, but
hurt wasn't enough.
I wanted to take
the man's pride
like a horse's bridle
& send him into
the river. Him
& anyone fool
enough to think
a four-flushing
alfalfa farmer
could beat Jack
Johnson. Starting
the 3rd round, I taunted
him loud enough
for everyone to hear:
Come on now, Jim.
Let me see what
you got. Jeffries
got so mad he rushed
me & I planted
a right on his jaw
for his troubles.

I got a couple of rabbit
rights in before
the referee pulled
us apart. I smiled
at Jeffries. Big,
so he & all of his
supporters could see
my gold dentistry
& said again: *Show*
me what you got,
Mr. Jeff. This is
for the championship.

Round 4

The bell rang & Jeffries hit me with a left-handed lead to the stomach that sounded like an automobile crash. My insides felt like they felt when Clara left me broke & humiliated in St. Louis. With each punch, the crowd yelled as if Jeffries's fists were Independence Day fireworks. When he caught my mouth with a left, the cut Kid gave me during training opened again. The crowd saw blood & hollered even louder. *First blood for Jeff!* Jeffries was getting in work, but Reno is not St. Louis. His fists weren't up to the full task. *Don't rush me, Jimmy,* I told him. *You hear what I'm telling?* He did color my gold smile with a little red.

Round 5

I let Jeffries have his bloody mouth right back. Only he wasn't smiling after. If he would have, it wouldn't have been pretty.

Round 6

A left hook cut Jeffries's right cheek.
A straight left blocked up his right eye.
A beaten fighter's blood on my glove
sprinkled in dust. The sun. A beaten
fighter wrapped up, pushed back into
his corner. An angry crowd burning
to a crisp. I asked Corbett where he
wanted me to drop his beaten fighter,
but Corbett didn't want to mouth anymore.
Then I heard that reporter Naughton
spelling out the fight for the telegraph:
"Jeffries took a left hook to the jaw."
I hit Jeffries with another left & a straight
right: *Is that all he took, Mr. Naughton?*

Round 8

All these whites booing & boosting
for Jeffries. They slept under café

tables & on blanket-covered billiard
tables for this? They knew their farmer

was whipped & their rent money
was lost & that knowledge brought

out the worst in that unruly crowd.
Between the name calling, the swirls

of dust & descriptions of my demise
after the fight ended, I could hear

the one voice that mattered: Etta
screaming over & over: *Keep it up, Jack!*

Round 9

Every time I jabbed Jeffries,
he ducked lower until I thought
he might just lay down right there.
The crowd was still booing,
so I waved & said, *I'll straighten
him up here in a minute.* Sweat
all over me & Nevada dust sticking
to me. The dust in Jeffries' cuts
made him look a little less beaten.
Someone in the crowd hollered,
"He'll straighten *you* up, nigger!"
Even after 9 rounds of me
beating on their boy, they still didn't
see he was only standing because
I let him. I stepped in & gave Jeffries
the kind of uppercut that makes
a prizefighter stand up straight
& question his profession.

*

Jeffries's mouth was so swollen he looked
like the newspaper versions of me. Through
those cartoon lips, he tried to talk: *Ain't I
got a hard old head?* I hit him with two rights
& agreed: *You certainly have, Mr. Jeffries.*

Round 10

The bell rang & Jeffries
came out determined
to go down fighting. Like

he had a choice. He came
out in that crouch, a frown
like he ate a piece of bad fish.

After he missed a couple
of blind swings I asked,
Jimmy, are you mad?

Round 12

Mr. Jeffries refused to give in. There wasn't much
difference between his face & the meat on a butcher's
table. & he kept coming, like a bull that knows what
happens after the fight. I just moved out of the way,
shook some of the dust off his face with punches
as he passed. Corbett was as hysterical as a woman:
It only takes one or two, Jeff! So I gave Jeffries
a quick right to the face, let it sink in for a minute,
then hit him with two more & said, *See that?*

Round 14

Questions bring as much hurt
as fists do: *How you like 'em,*

Jim? Left hook instead
of a question mark. *Did that*

hurt? Right then left, straight
to the face like a Galveston wind.

Was that your nose that just
broke? Right jab, then

a crunching like egg shells.

Round 15

Jeffries didn't have anything left
to give, so he tried to spit on me.
Dust & blood where there should
have been spit. He tried to clinch
me again & I let him have a left
for trying. His nose was broken
& in that friendless Nevada sun,
he couldn't find any wind. I pushed
him away & gave him both hands.
I hit him so hard the free lookers
on the hill above the stadium
could hear it clearly. The alfalfa
farmer fell back into the ropes
then headed for his corner the same
way a horse heads back to the barn.
I caught him with an uppercut
& three fast lefts to the ribs.
Jeffries dropped to his knees
like old fruit from a tree & grabbed
the last rope. The referee counted
9 before Jeffries pulled himself up.

*

As soon as the referee moved, I tried
to punch through Jeffries. He went down
again, back & through the ropes. As if
the ropes could protect him from me.

Don't let the nigger knock him out!
Don't let the nigger knock him out!

*

Jack Jeffries & one of the other corner boys helped his brother off the canvas. The younger Jeffries must not have appreciated his brother because he pushed

Jim right back into the ring. Jim swayed there like a tree about to fall in a storm. I heard Corbett yell, *Don't, Jack. Don't hit him!* so I hit Jeffries four more times

for the things Corbett said about my mother. I stood over Jim with my right ready, so he could see what to expect if he could still see. The white towel was in

the ring before the referee finished counting him out. As his seconds helped him up, I heard Jeffries saying, *I couldn't come back, boys. I couldn't come back.*

✱

Abraham Smith

only two kinds of people gone
icefishing and we
we were never the shanty caliber typo
somebody almost dramatic drunk hit the A chord
with a tremolo flourish err finish
as though there's an audience
beyond a starved herd of peasant birches begging you
not to call 'em bones no it was
sit sit sit sit on a flipped five gallon bucket
mmm and the bucket was green as spring
on a shirt advertising summer
dreamed by a kid with a cow called sugar
and the bell round the neck sings
all sounds clept cept shirked
over a hole drilled by going crazy circular
by hand by men going out there you got fast
that that car was fast
would not fast for gas
was unholy drinking in
they were sharing a bottle
up at the beach err bench front seat
and the sound of that
was a creek one day's like screw it
i am gonna drink myself
and the color of the backseat i sat
alone in was not what it was
given light's feather teeth
all over half the passage of time

maybe mushroom gill spit spill get brown
g chord the thing twists out of
the serial killer's slag heap grasp
let's rowdy earnest folkie timber nowsville
so the car right the car sounds
bog swallows thunderstorms
for eons until a priest picking ferns lady's slipper
wintergreen leather leaf
punctures the peat for one long
one long roar
and the color of the hole they'd spun
was that same black of the priest heeled booo
and grrr and the color of the sky above
while we fished of aspirin and of tin
and the lake ice sometimes moaned for it loved itself
for it was a smug lake named by squintin trappers for
beards of venison smoke and venery beards of
taters' prism blighty beards of bluegills'
perfect milk bath flesh grayed of worm maybe
and the cold was try and walk off to pee
try and pull your zipper down you'd
easier hold a metal metal metal ladder
weight of ten cow and the five machine
it takes to keep the ten
ladder hold it with your stare
never mind the winds to 40
with the bendy paper hands in your weaker eye lad
left with no taste mechanism left
he so breathed the fires of others in
ladder tranced to the cheeks of iced houses skid skids
cold i can't explain but can't keep
you waiting like this so metal

for braces for kids with polio
fettered the air migrates mystery pollen
zero seed broadcast limpet winnow is
super no no stalker lover sproutless
how was it ever such with leaves??
and now for measure flour measure of lard
as i will tell how i got in
to go home for the orphans were all in
chicago they will tell you i have heard them
trying to know themselves
chicago by way o' suck a thumb
i had to hip it
had to body bump the dumb thick union
metal button on the car door to unclick it
were weaker than watching someone walk away to pee
those little fishbone paper fingers of mine
that is all that's it
that and i grow cold easy quick the theory goes
never end on i so december cat mazy mow stack
sits on half assed squares all deeeep in her bones
she sits she purrs that's the mouse ears rattling
will warm will warn an cubit of you
it's old holed tarps in a wind
work to listen to plastic wounds
our ears will speech like watered shells
where we are going to maybe

I 3

we live in space i mean
are on like tv to the lonely until wear
the sound of all cars going
in one paper-tooth saw-unlike sauna
on high on cold and then
the crows we live with
is to say they signal our sentience
reach off off the pines
highway or any little dirt road
mmm hums like polished glass and the crows
and then the crows clown
like dog ears at a listening
and seeing and runnin trot i mean
the trot and ear are flop complicated
like three mice pulling on a
so not one for all crumb
see there's more than sit to butts
let's just say the neck that tower
of words or no words
don't house kapow
ain't as rarified as the steak
all plumber snake naked
in the lobbyists' gulleter claims
cry blood pipe
that crumb needs a hot therapist
it's free to hear helpless
in the unlocked scratchings
of the claws on no hold good wood rafters
burned right
up to the edges of hardness the crows

their callings more like a thing torn
from a thing than a carefully lathed
administer of keys of cheese
weight of bag hand world squeak
orgy gone viral on palmed phones
blah haw haw haw haw
impeach idle wankers maybe marbles
heaven maybe like burn wounds healed

WAVE-BUD

Blueberry Morningsnow (texts) & Aleta Lanier (images)

From the Friendship Divination deck, Card 3, June 19, 2012



Description: Come and get it! Soup's on! How is an ocean wave similar to a flower bud? This is that similarity. Foolproof and enormous like an embarrassed sunrise, this is fluid motion. Mercurial, shifting: something is cooking. Clover and little bluestem are down there waving to the giant oak: Hi! I'm coming!

Instructions: Go out from behind your concentration into the mouth of an open, cool bit of loneliness. You should get what's cooking: something is there for you. If that doesn't work, gather and assemble pieces of walls, fresh milk, and the curves of music. Nest in your neck; make up with yourself. Say to whatever, "you must be the one I want." Be courteous while you go resolutely into your attentions. Curtsy; invite purpose while inside comfort, as if the words futility and fertility could not possibly exist simultaneously.

Remember: You are two things at once, like a sound that becomes a color at night. "I'm as warm as the sun from my own love" someone said in a poem he or she wrote at school. Simplicity is different than definitiveness.

PROTECTION VOICE

From the Friendship Divination deck, Card 4, June 21, 2012



Description: Dead farm cat on a country road in Iowa. His friend the huge rooster stands over his smashed white body. The rooster is so huge that cars have to veer out to avoid him. Over the cat's body, the rooster puts six different protective shadows. The gnashing of teeth is love in narrow space. Stunned passivity, like being assisted by the message on a headstone. A thirteen-year-old girl is wearing a rainbow sweater and a jeans skirt. Her mother cries when she picks her up in the parking lot:

“you look so grown up!?” She doesn’t know what to feel yet. A measure of energy built around another measure of energy. What it is to be wise towards those you love.

Instructions: Walk barefoot in each room. Create a neighborhood of pianists born in 1927, and make sure their music secures the earth and its inhabitants. Bolt. Lift your hands so that your palms are facing your face. Let the wind get in the car: this is what a body is. Pretend that you are in a stand of pines, and guard that understanding of gravity. Be felt in your body, forgo violence in all forms, sing, help others. Curtail psychic fruiting and hold a leaf over an ant while it’s raining.

Remember: How rare it is to tilt into a single, continuous, endless path. Stillness of late afternoon; other people’s names.

WHITE SKY

Luke Bloomfield

I.

The curtains above the bed have balloons with snippets of the alphabet on them.

The head board is cheap bent metal with a laminated boogie-board in the middle.

The bed itself is just a frame, wooden board, Japanese sleeping mat.

The view on a clear day is of the northern mountains.

The view on a white day is of a fluke-severed whale tail.

It dives between skyscrapers.

White canvases lie around the spare room like courtesans.

The farm being built in the media kingdom where the television once reigned:

The Age of Repressed

Psychological Trauma

Mitigated by Man's

Savage Toddlerhood

The small pink bamboo towel has arrived.

Tomorrow or the next day there will be a jail break.

2.

Across the garden a man in a blue jumpsuit
sits in a small dark room

periodically shutting off the internet.

Alternative title to this poem: Karaoke Fever.

Plates of fruit carved like tropical feathers sit in nests of dry ice,
the only thing edible at certain hours.

Other times we arrange ourselves on tiny plastic stools in the cold
pulling cartilage into our mouths with our teeth.

We pound our exercises out on chipped tiles.

We synchronize with hundreds.

We self-flagellate.

We measure our smacks.

Our inner fire is literal and
we tame it with pinches
and pills made out of plants.

You say it like this *wahng-jing*.

Take me to wahng-jing, you must!

But they do. Not. Must.

BRAIN IN A VAT

C. S. Ward

When I fly through the cloud
in the video game, somehow
the game doesn't know what to do.
I am exposed as a brain in a vat.
It looks like I am trapped in a tower
of beer at the Arizona Pizza Kitchen,
but someone must love me very much,
or I am being used in a scheme to skim
the recipes I come up with in my dreams.
When the lights go out
they go out for a couple millennia,
and then I don't really care what happens next.
I am flying on a plane through the international dateline,
a couple people vanish in first class and
I ask the stewardess if I can have their seats.
I heard that the Bermuda triangle has been
hovering in Buffalo for the past 20 years,
says the twilight man beside me.
The movie on his laptop looks abstract from this angle.
It is a movie called "Magnetic Basin."
When I arrive on the tarmac and
descend the stairs onto the airfield,
I feel exposed. It is winter in the city.
I am trying to find a place to go to the bathroom,
as I think about Modigliani in turn of the century Paris.
How will I reward myself when I am normal again?
Thunderstorms mean someone is trying to get
at your snacks, I am told in the vat.

After a struggle against my own foreign limbs
I realize that during rest I am
propelled in a mysterious direction,
but you have egg on your pants I am
told in the vat. It must have come
from the man sitting next to me, I say into the liquid.
I ask to be kept central to my own story, but I find
that I am becoming more and more of a minor character.
I make a break for it by closing my eyes.
I spend long hours at home with books
about yarn and cabinetry. I am coming closer and closer
to realizing my dream of becoming
a single note sung out into a wide valley
by some 17th century village child.

TIME SPENT WITH HER MULTIPLIED AD INFINITUM AGAINST TELEVISION

She did not want
to watch the game.

She said that
people born with
an overactive sense
of sharing were
crushed into
the margins of the game.

It was hard to establish
a rhythm between us because
the sitcoms she held
as a moral ideal involved
people who never had to work.

I was having trouble at work.

It was like loading black
and white televisions into a rainbow.

It was like the time
her fake tooth fell
out and I asked
her to never put it back.

I showed her my wallet and
said "take me coupon card and all!"
But she was looking
at an article on the dangers
of amateur hypnosis, where

cars were flying off cliffs,
farm machinery was eating up children.

I spent the night at my house, where
I decided to spend the night at her house.

On the way over there
none of the songs on the radio
represented how I was feeling.

AN INTERVIEW WITH DANIELLE ROSEN | PATRICIA ROSE

Danielle Rosen was born in Iron Mountain, Michigan, in 1988. Writing under the pen name Patricia Rose, she is the author of *The Institute for Species Systemization: An Experimental Archive* (2011). Danielle currently lives and works in Chicago, where she is pursuing her MFA at the University of Chicago. This interview was conducted by Hilary Plum over email in fall 2011.

Even in its title, this work announces itself as archive: document, record, the what-comes-after. Collected in this book are the results of four experiments (or one could call them performances) that occurred in real time, in a controlled environment, between or among people. These experiments all examined interactions between researcher and subject, with a focus on language use; the book offers us descriptions, results, and conclusions, which means language has gone from being the site of contestation and interaction, to being immutable, something reproduced and distributed in a permanent form, to unknown readers and thus to unknown effects. What happened as this project moved from interaction and performance to archive? What changed in your conception of your work as you moved from performance artist/scientist to writer/scientist?

With the Institute for Species Systemization projects, the archive has been at least half of the motivation for the experiments. It comes from a place of inquiry where the collective response or consensus about what it means to be a part of a species or group is ultimately so highly varied and subjective that the “data” isn’t quantifiable. Nonetheless, audience participation, or giving people an outlet for engagement and response, is extremely necessary to the work (and grossly lacking in many of the bureaucratic systems in which we, as citizens and/or consumers, are implicated and exploited). The archive comes out of this need and is the most important component

of the project, born out of audiences' confrontation of "species-centric" questions. This confrontation occurs through physical interaction within a trapezoidal space, modeled after Ames' perceptual studies (as in Testing Site IV) or more simply in standard word association experiments (Testing Site III), where the scientists' wordplay exists on the testing form in which terms such as "Happy / Hierarchy," "Species / System," and "Manufactured / Vocabularies" are listed across from one another, but in such a standard format that the pattern of bias is not immediately apparent. I have a responsibility to share their answers, which is where the book form comes into play as it can be so widely dispersed.

The direct answer is that there is not a transition—the persona Patricia Rose (who I will concede is closer to the true Danielle Rosen than Danielle Rosen's outward appearance) carries each thread of the work through as though they are inextricably linked, because they are. Rose is in a constant analytical state both during the collection and analysis of all documents. What comes after the archive, is what I really wonder.

Patricia Rose is your persona as scientist (or "scientist"?)—so that in a sense when I ask you about your work as writer/scientist, that question is complicated by the fact that this work involves both persona and person (Rose and Rosen) and perhaps is not cleanly divided between them. Can you talk about the persona of Patricia Rose—what inspired you to create this formally distinct identity for these investigations and performances? And also the invented institution of the ISS?

Patricia Rose was born from my own timidity, as I think personas often are. At the same time, Rose isn't simply a cover or a protective visage. Her oscillation between objectivity and subjectivity serves to question the institutional or taxonomic truths about non-human animals that have been established through science. For example, in the description of Testing Site II, Rose writes, "the visual prompts were abstractions of diagrammatic

illustrations from zoosemiotic studies illustrating movement patterns of the Honeybee Dance... Debates in the scientific community persist as to whether or not other animals communicate through systemized patterns.” In this passage, Rose directs the subject (which is always body/animal/audience classified by language) to her viewpoint indirectly by outlining debates that are rooted in human misunderstanding but framed as though they are resolved within science. She also fulfills my personal desire to exist in the nebulous and, I would argue, impossible space between anthropomorphism and anthropocentrism.

Further, creating a persona to investigate ideas that participants *volunteer* becomes a way to engage in a process of inquiry *with* audiences. The goal is not to exploit participants to serve my own needs but to point both to the oppressive nature of institutions that exist to categorize and the implicit necessity of categorization. What it means to be human and what it means to be animal have become attenuated or prescribed by mechanisms for control which are ultimately “institutions” that dictate how knowledge is attained, disseminated, and utilized. Critiquing these linguistic categories or institutional definitions that seek to classify life exposes internal contradictions, and that unveiling can result in the interrogation or at the most extreme dissolution of our species’ entire system of communication. (Similar to the argument that being a truly ethical consumer would lead to starvation.) Inviting the audience to complete surveys in which they classify themselves according to species, ideal diet & habitat, etc., is a way of asking them to be aware of the contradiction of this endeavor and (hopefully!) sets them up to tread carefully when considering questions such as (samples from a project that is currently in progress): “LIST ALL SPECIES THAT POSSESS THE ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE (INTER/INTRASPECIES), LIST ALL SPECIES THAT DEMONSTRATE THE CAPACITY FOR LANGUAGE, UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES DO THESE DEFINITIONS AFFECT YOURSELF AND OTHERS?” and so on . . .

Contradictions and recursion as ways of digesting language are central to Rose's process. This is in part because Rose doesn't have any answers, so she has to digest the concepts and terminology through a sort of meditative repetition with a false aura of sterility in order to maintain the balance between anthropocentrism and anthropomorphism. Recursion is also one qualifier that is often used to debase any arguments about the communication patterns or vocalizations of non-human animals. Chomsky is one of the main proponents of the theory that recursive patterns are only evident within human language and that recursion creates an infinite number of possibilities or avenues for invention. ALR (Ape Language Research) studies are often dismissed as demonstrations of mimicry and recursive demonstrations are privileged because altering a structure is understood as an explication of individual thought. Building the ISS has been a way to invite audiences to engage with these ideas and ask them to consider what it means to participate in a skewed anthropocentric structure and to suggest that there is space for reinvention within an outwardly rigid structure or institution. Also, I wanted to design a framework where devices rooted in language such as the title (Institute for Species Systematization) and a book form or even a collapsible wall could function as institutions in and of themselves. The project is surrounded by an air of absurdity which is born from a critique of the assumption that one (being, form, ideology, structure, dogma, etc.) is the authority on anything.

Continuing that thought, I wonder about the element of play in the persona of Rose and in the Institute and its experiments. As we read the Institute's archives, ideas of performance and literature playfully intrude, sharing the stage with the scientific vocabulary and overtly scientific framing with which we're presented. Can you talk about what "play" might mean in your work, and how ideas of "good science" and "bad science" might be in play here? How do conceptions of "good" or "bad" science relate to conceptions of "good" or "bad" art?

Play is a byproduct of any sincere or prolonged engagement. (Today, I went to a meeting at the University of Chicago for the Arts and Science

Initiative and one of the physics professors said, “I would have a difficult time sitting down and listing what constitutes good science,” which was a funny parallel to this interview.) Art that is shared with a public but that refuses to acknowledge its audience (and thus engage in an act of play—however you’d like to take that word) is being deceptive. And science tends towards a certain formal opacity that, not unlike art, was born of particular institutional structures. (At one point, I might add, science and art were intertwined and are now considered vastly different fields in which parallels often go unacknowledged.) Audiences are more knowledgeable and engaging than “experts” often give them credit for, and in my conception of a highly functioning artwork, audiences serve as the gauge. The Institute for Species Systematization is sometimes criticized for its lack of expertise in one area, or its inability to be strictly classified, which is a direct formal choice.

The project is bad science to most scientists because of Rose’s fictional presence, lacking credentials and absent hypothesis (which if it existed would be wholly presumptuous). It’s hardly art to a number of artists because of its scientific framework and subversion of the art market. Blending neatly into a particular categorization would actually counteract some of the premises of the endeavor. I’m an artist because that is the subgroup in which I’ve been acculturated, but the work doesn’t necessarily have to be called anything other than work. All that matters is the careful study of animality that is continually being adjusted based on the documented results of the last study, so that it is incessantly analyzed and absorbed with no fixation on an endpoint other than fluid knowledge.

I suppose—though, oddly, I wasn’t necessarily thinking of this when I asked—one way of thinking about ideas of “good” and “bad” science is in terms of ethics. Your work critiques discursive structures and societal institutions, including and especially science, for their speciesism or species-centrism. It seems there’s something ethical at stake, then, in these problems of human misunderstanding and misperceptions of animality, in the issues with anthropomorphism and

anthropocentrism you describe. Your project offers a wide-ranging critique that is particularly pointed toward scientific discourse and institutions; to my reading, you challenge the practice of subjecting animals to experimentation in the name of science by subjecting humans to experiments that aim to foreground their own animality. This critique is offered from a space and in a discourse that could be called a hybrid of the scientific and the artistic—as you say, “Blending neatly into a particular categorization would actually counteract some of the premises of the endeavor.”

I’m interested in thinking about the ethical undercurrent to, or ramifications of, your work. Similarly, I wonder about the different limits and responsibilities of science and art as we discuss them here—art’s role in critiquing science and offering alternative values, alternative visions, or just a fluid space for knowledge-in-progress, as you describe above. In terms of “categories,” how might you describe your work in connection to contemporary thought on the relationship between human and animal, human and natural world? Do you feel some commonality with what’s now called “eco-poetics”? What thinkers or writers have inspired you? And would you describe your work as political, in that its focus on speciesism may suggest alternative values and profound institutional reforms?

Right! It’s important to note that (and this isn’t particularly evident in the book, but is more easily ascertained by looking at the installations I’ve been building) my work is critiquing scientific discourse, institutions and categorizations; however, the aesthetics of each project are often the result of certain memories that I have of grade school. Recurring throughout the work are materials like speaker boxes from which disembodied and authoritarian voices emanate, chalky green linoleum flooring, patterned drop ceilings with white/yellow tinges, all of these architectural details which establish a space for authority, knowledge acquisition and the propagation of ideological biases disguised as fact. In addition, things like tiled walls, rubber mats, and pastel colors have a sterilization effect. So,

science is the beginning of the critique, perhaps, but educational institutions and architecture are largely responsible for how ideas are received and assumptions go unquestioned. I'm constantly trying to unlearn how I think about other animals.

Categories . . . This is a harsh statement, but eco-poetics is a little soft for me, I think my work is intentionally more aggressive than that, and only poetic in that it is highly metaphorical, but it's not quite so subtle. Aase Berg's book *With Deer* has a quality that I often long for in the work of eco-poets, in its bodily, visceral descriptions and organic transition between human and other animals, which is resigned to gross impurity rather than opposed to seeking clean sublimity. (I think writing about the sublimity of the natural world has very little to do with logic or the body or animality or ethics, but is mostly about love and idealization.) Berg replaces propriety with urgency, as do the Situationists and artists like Holzer and Kruger, with whom I feel some connection.

Now that my thoughts are on this question of love clashing with logic, I should probably explain myself to avoid being called Dr. Spock again (when it happens more than once, you can self-diagnose the phenomena as problematic). Harry Harlow's studies that are cited in the *ISS: Experimental Archive* were in his explanation wholly concerned with love. They were extremely unethical and resulted in a group of rhesus monkeys growing into adulthood with horrific psychological problems, despite any environmental accommodations that the University of Wisconsin–Madison tried to build as a remedy. Harlow made extreme advances that greatly benefited human infants in orphanages but destroyed the lives of a population of primates. A study in love can be absent of ethical logic. Further, I can say with certainty that I love my cat (whether she feels the same way is a different conversation in which Derrida would no doubt be referenced) but I cannot, try as I might, think objectively or even logically about her being, thoughts, existence, or relationship to me. Contradictions . . .

The only thing that I can say with certainty is that everything that we do as (cognizant, sentient) human beings has political and ethical implications. Art, when it is placed in a social context (which I think is unavoidable, even for outsider artists, whose work is absorbed into museums after they die), should acknowledge this, or to be more precise, artists should be accountable for the political implications that their work will invariably have. So, of course, I'm a political artist, we all are.

The question of good or bad in ethical terms presents an engaging problem which I think begins to explain why we didn't immediately think of ethics when discussing what constitutes good or bad science or art. Ethical philosophy involves the question of what is being exchanged and how that thing is valued in relative terms. This model of ethics points to the deplorably small level of value that we ascribe to other animals without considering the enormous benefits that our species has gained, at what cost. The equation is grossly unbalanced, and I think you are right, the proposition that our species should consider the impact of their decisions on other animals from an ethical viewpoint would involve a radical restructuring. All of this is very encased in issues of identity, tradition and, generally, behavioral patterns that our species is very tied to. For example, in my everyday language I try to use terminology that doesn't isolate our species as being vastly, categorically different from other animals (note the usage of *other* and the broad implications of that term). So, yesterday I was talking to a few art friends about trying to get permission to access the zoology department at UChicago. When I said, "I'd like to get permission to record sound in the area where non-human animals are housed," my friends laughed uncomfortably and muttered a few things about the possibility of humans being housed in the department. My real point is that just by altering the language that we use to describe our (speciest) activities, we alter the meaning of these actions.

Also, in thinking about this interview and about identity, I feel like I should explain this relationship between Danielle Rosen/Patricia Rose more

fully (in part, because we've never met). Danielle Rosen is an experiment in identity (and consequently femininity). Dresses, high heels, faux fur stoles and stylistic eye makeup are all wrapped up in how Danielle Rosen is perceived every day. (Darwin said something about the peacock being the most appalling creature because of its excess and thus inefficiency.) There's a certain allure and commanding presence that has to do with artifice and ideals. Whether building walls, using the belt sander, or shoe shopping, Danielle is always wearing this uniform of femininity that provides a very specific, observable obstacle which in its obviousness tends to make her more interesting to those around her. At the same time, her feet are slowly atrophying as a result of this behavior, which will at some point become a surgical experiment. So, what makes Danielle Rosen appealing (and other) is also repulsive (in a Darwinian sense and in other terms).

I'm fascinated to learn more about Rose and Rosen. Your reference to Derrida and his cat makes me think about that book (The Animal That Therefore I Am—which I don't have in front of me so I'll probably summarize this all poorly), its thoughts about animals and gender—how we don't ascribe gender or sexuality to animals, don't allow them gender, how our language (and indeed our pet-owning practices) neuters them. If I remember right Derrida begins this meditation with his cat perceiving him in the kitchen naked, and then considers what it is to be naked in front of a cat. So it's very interesting to think about these two directions of your work—exploring how humans perceive the animal as other and fail to perceive themselves as animal; while also, in your Danielle Rosen “persona,” exaggerating a gender identity to force people to become more aware of their perceptions of gender. (If that's fair as a description?)

I wonder if in conclusion you could talk a bit more about what you're working on now? From what you said above, it seems to have something to do with how humans perceive the language and communication systems of other animals. Does this follow up or build on the Honeybee Dance “zoosemiotic translation” experiment? (It seems as though this subject, of humans as observers of animal communication, is getting slightly more attention than usual at the

moment, with the release of that Project Nim documentary, and surrounding discussions of chimpanzees' language use and human perceptions—and misperceptions?—thereof.)

It does seem that ALR (Ape Language Research) projects are receiving more attention of late. Although this exposure is highly important, I often wonder about the issues of projection and attenuation that come into play once these studies begin to assert certain truths about other animals (anthropocentrism/anthropomorphism polarities). *The Story of the Weeping Camel* is one film that does an excellent job of documenting and observing camels in relation to their human cohabitants in Mongolia without trying to decode or demystify any of the interactions depicted. Lately I've been thinking more and more about animality and language as functioning within some sort of void or ineffable space.

Right now, I'm in the process of working on several sound pieces that all relate to the zoosemiotic experiments that I've been conducting under the ISS. Extending, inverting, repeating and measuring time with the terms WAILING/WHALING and WINNY/WINNIE is the core of one of the compositions that I've been creating. One thing I was just thinking about while working on this (BRAYING) SPURS (SLURS) sound piece, is the argument against recursion and thus language in starlings due to the Chomskyan debate mentioned earlier about mimicry v. comprehension and inventiveness. Daniel Margoliash, who studies starlings at the University of Chicago, has found evidence of syntax in the birds' songs. What's compelling about these polar viewpoints is that the definition of language is fluid and the human ability to decode these patterns is flawed. What happens when you take a human voice and extend it to a guttural grunt, a whale whistle? Does this pattern resolve itself as communication or language? Can these sonic emotive patterns that carry a certain tone or inflection even fit within a taxonomy or the sterility of language anymore? Part of the process of these sound recordings involves trying to gain access

to the labs in the zoology department at the University of Chicago where primates and other mammals are housed. These sound pieces will be installed within interstitial spaces like an elevator that will be flooded with a pinkish/lavender light, an airy void which is supposed to function as a metaphor for the void that language is or leaves, an architectural body space. The ISS will have a stack of postcards or subject surveys that ask participants to differentiate between species by composing lists that parse out differences between language/communication. Finally, participants will be asked to consider and explain the effect of these delimitations.

With the sound work I'm exploring all of the linguistic and taxonomic concerns contained in the *ISS: Experimental Archive* but also attempting to make the work more experiential or physical than the archive.

TESTING SITE III

SPECIES-CENTRIC WORD ASSOCIATION

EXPERIMENT DESCRIPTION

TESTING SITE III was created to examine a subject's response to textual and situational variables simultaneously and to examine the human species' translation of species-centric terms.

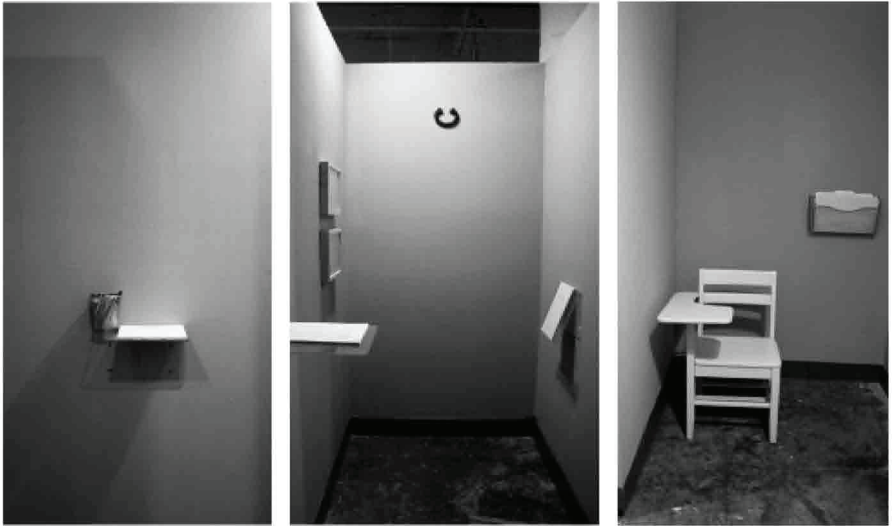
Subjects were required to complete a *Subject Survey* in which they were asked to classify themselves as a part of the human species, explicate their preferred method of communication, and list other relevant taxonomic characteristics or personality traits.

In this experiment, subjects were required to examine a list of words and respond by writing down the term that they thought most appropriately corresponded with the provided term on the list. Examining terms based on their ascribed meaning and on the basis of their co-occurrence with other terms is one essential component of a word association test.

Inspired by the ideas of Sir Francis Galton, TESTING SITE III was staged within an art exhibition. Subjects were on display as they completed individual tests with associative components. Thus, contextual relationships between the subject, audience, and individual terms were all of vital importance to both their response and this study.

TESTING SITE

Subjects were required to sit at the desk for the duration of the testing process.



NOTE: The color of the testing site was a bright, light sea-blue-green. The color is relevant, as it influenced the tonality of the space and interactions between subjects and the audience.

COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS I

TOTAL # OF SUBJECTS	11
TOTAL # OF MALE SUBJECTS	5
TOTAL # OF FEMALE SUBJECTS	5
TOTAL # OF GENDERLESS SUBJECTS	1
WEIGHT RANGE	133—186
MOST COMMON SELF-ASCRIBED SPECIES	HUMAN/HOMO SAPIEN
YEAR OF BIRTH RANGE	1956—1993
HANDWRITING: PRINT	9
HANDWRITING: SCRIPT	2
RESPONDED YES TO ACA (ADEPT COMMUNICATION ASSESSMENT)	6
RESPONDED NO TO IAC (INEPT COMMUNICATION)	3
RESPONDED INCONCLUSIVE AC (ADEPT COMMUNICATOR)	2
TOTAL # OF SUBJECTS LISTING ABNORMALITIES	10
TOTAL # OF SUBJECT WITH OFFSPRING	0
TOTAL # OF SUBJECTS THAT SIGNED CONSENT	10

S U B J E C T S U R V E Y

IDENTIFICATION NUMBER: 340

WEIGHT: 135

SEX: F

SPECIES: human

IDEAL DIET & HABITAT: pasta a big grassy field

LOCATION AND DATE OF BIRTH: Oconomowoc, WI
11/21/91

NUMBER OF OFFSPRING: 0

PHYSICAL OR PSYCHOLOGICAL ABNORMALITIES:

larger right ankle and big red hair

DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF TO BE AN ADEPT COMMUNICATOR?

no

WHAT FORM OF COMMUNICATION DO YOU RELY UPON MOST HEAVILY?

noises

HOW DO YOU INTERACT WITH OTHERS?

laughing at whatever they say

BY SIGNING BELOW YOU ARE AGREEING TO PARTICIPATE IN THE STUDY AND ALL OF ITS COMPONENTS. YOU ARE WILLINGLY
RELEASING THE INFORMATION THAT YOU PROVIDE TO THE INSTITUTE FOR SPECIES SYSTEMIZATION FOR ANALYSIS.
YOU ARE ALSO ACKNOWLEDGING THAT THE ORGANIZERS WILL BE NOT HELD LIABLE FOR ANY COMPLICATIONS OR
DAMAGES THAT MAY ARISE AS A RESULT OF THE EXPERIMENT.


SIGNATURE

11/12/10

DATE

1. CAREFULLY EXAMINE THE TERMS LISTED BELOW. 340

2. PLEASE WRITE ONE WORD ACROSS FROM EACH TERM.

SUBJECT	MATTER	VASE	GLASS
TAPE	RECORDER	THREATENED	OUTSIDE
ANOTHER	PERSON	BLUE	TEAL
HUMAN	SKIN	LANGUAGE	MOVEMENT
LOGICAL	PARASOID	CONCLUSIONS	INTRODUCTIONS
SWEATER	LAMB	ZOOSEMIOTICS	STUPID
TAXONOMY	SHOPPING	YELLOW	GREEN
PRIMAL	MATING	CLASSIFICATIONS	MOTHER
PERCEPTUAL	POWER	EMPATHY	SORRY
ETHICAL	STUDIES	PUNCTUATION	!
SOCIAL	ISSUES	IMPLICATIONS	WHY
CANDID	LAUGHTER	DEDUCTION	NEGATIVE
MECHANISTIC	FATHER	OBJECTS	WALLS
CONTAINED	BOX	CLARITY	CONFUSING
SPECIES	PLANTS	SYSTEM	SYMBOL
MANUFACTURED	FABORY	VOCABULARIES	CHARLIE
LEARNED	ABSORB	ASSUMPTIONS	INTRODUCTION
ANTHROPOMORPHIC	OKAY	MISUNDERSTANDING	ALWAYS
PRECARIOUS	CAT	PRONOUNS	GRAMMER
OVERT	SHIT	INFERENCES	SOCCER
SUBTLE	WHISPERS	SLURS	DRUNK
HAPPY	BIRTHDAY	HIERARCHY	PERCEPTION

COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS II

1: What form of communication do you rely upon most heavily?

ID NUMBER	RESPONSE
330	Blabbing
331	Words
339	Speaking, Writing, Art-Making
336	Telephone
340	Noises
332	The sensation of touch
341	Physically vocal abstraction
329	Talking in person
335	Writing and Speaking
338	Vocal
337	I speak with my body

COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS III

2: How do you interact with others?

ID NUMBER	RESPONSE
330	All sorts of ways!
331	Sometimes not at all. I regard others as potential.
339	Speaking, Writing, Art-Making
336	Talking
340	Laughing at whatever they say
332	Touching and laughing, intimate interaction
341	Aggressively tactile frontal engagement
329	Politely and then casually
335	Speaking, Looking, Yes and No, Listening
338	I like to observe people during forms of communication
337	Signatures and handshakes

COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS IV

3: Ideal Diet & Habitat

ID NUMBER	RESPONSE
330	Eating Noodles in a Yurt
331	Natural, balanced. Urban jungles
339	Comfy warm home in metropolitan city. Pasta, meats and cheese
336	Raw fish/close to water
340	Pasta, a big grassy field
332	Candy Bakery Fruits
341	Clear water and intent
329	Nutritious and safe
335	Healthy, mostly veg.
338	Beer, grilled seafood on the coast
337	People, Dreams.

COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS V

4: Physical or Psychological Abnormalities

ID NUMBER	RESPONSE
330	lazy eyes, weird hands, and a butt chin
331	I have large feet and slightly broad shoulders. I am ticklish on my back. I am skeptical. I can wiggle my ears and flip my eyelids. I am inspired. Personality in itself is an abnormality, isn't it? I question a lot of things.
339	Slightly overanalyzing, a workaholic, sometimes left leg shorter than right, nearsighted
336	onset OCD
340	larger right ankle and big red hair
332	produce too many skin cells on scalp talk to self and fantasize the world as it should or should not be, rather than how it is
341	fluffly yet dense upon progressive contact
329	allergic to cephzil metal in hand
335	bi-polar
338	a needed desire to take tests
337	Normality = Abnormality. It's a vicious cycle.

COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS (WORD ASSOCIATIONS)

ID NUMBER	TERMS			
	SUBJECT	VASE	TAPE	THREATENED
330	MATTER	SCENARIO	BALL	N/A
331	ANSWER	EARTH	HOLD	PUSH
339	OBJECT	TULIP	RECORDER	ENDANGERED
336	MATTER	PASE	DUCT	DEER
340	MATTER	GLASS	RECORDER	OUTSIDE
332	ZOO	POT	RECORDER	RETALIATE
341	TIME	CHASM	BOUND	TIGHTEN
329	NOUN	UGLY	DECK	DARFUR
335	OBJECT	FLOWER	RULER	RUN
338	THIS TEST	DECORATION	STICK	VIOLATE
337	VASE	VASE	////////////////////	////////////////////
ID NUMBER	ANOTHER	BLUE	HUMAN	LANGUAGE
330	ONE	POOP	HEAD	SLANG
331	SYSTEMATIC	STILLNESS	TEMPORARY	CAMERA
339	MAN	TEAL	MIND	BILINGUAL
336	ONE	MOON	-OID	CROATION
340	PERSON	TEAL	SKIN	MOVEMENT
332	RECORD	DEDUBADIC	GENOME	ENGLISH
341	GIRL	CAR	FLESH	ORDINARY
329	FRIEND	NEBULA	BEING	DENTSCH
335	SAME	SKY	ANIMAL	WORD
338	ALTERNATIVE	CALM	ANIMAL	COMMUNICA- TION
337	HOTDOG	HMBGR	N/A	N/A

DEAR CORPORATION,

Adam Fell

When I go for a run, the
strangest violence glows out from my pores,
the deep flowing ochre of multi-vitamin
piss. I want the healthier people I pass,
the thick-legged couple baby-talking their
labra-doodle, the lithe and shirtless runners
gliding in their foot gloves, the spandexed
bicyclists and swing-pushing baby-petters, to
all die horrifically for no real reason except I
know I will never pass them again and that
is what it means to get older: to lose more
and more and within that loss try to gather
a gaining. So I walk myself home in the dirty

summer dawn, unhood the windows, watch
the youngest construction workers stretch
like waking wolves in the soft, smoking tar. I
mix myself a nice stiff Sazerac from the
recipe I clipped from Nate:

2 oz. rye whiskey
¼ oz. sugar syrup (2:1 sugar/water ratio)
2 dashes Peychaud's bitters
2 dashes anise-flavored spirit (Pernod,
Herbsaint, or Chartreuse work well)
Twist of lemon

*In a glass or Boston shaker, combine rye, sugar syrup,
and bitters over ice and stir for roughly 30 seconds.
In a pre-chilled rocks glass, pour anise spirit and swirl
to coat interior, pouring out any excess. Strain the cocktail
into glass, squeeze lemon twist over drink, rub peel side
onto the rim, then discard the twist or plop it in glass.*

The first wheels through me
like a jilted Italian woman in a short red
dress cleaving at a bonfire with a 7-iron.
The second pumps the floodwater from my

gem mine of a laugh, smashes out the teeth
of your efficiency, hydrants on toward
the moneybright capitol. I can feel the
governor's ermine pelt perplex, can see the
state senators splayed on the floor of the
rotunda, ducking and doused and dumb-
shat. A third and I need to put *Dolittle* on. I need
to turn it up. A third and *Debaser* dances the
outrage up through the phantom roots of
my babyteeth and snaggleteeth, my
eggteeth and dogteeth, my tongue flop-
sweating, my palate uncleansed, my
molars ground down to toothdust and
rootpulp, canines towering over their
anxious erosion like Tetons. A fourth and
Tame drives the futon from the wall, clears

the domestic flail of desperate breakables. I
whale on the wall, whale on the wall, whale
on the wall for a minute fifty-five. I take a
screwdriver to the shit refrigerator. I take a
screwdriver to its fat, gassy coils and let the
refrigerant bleed from its cold mouth to
mine. A fifth and you think I'm dead but
I've sailed away. On a wave of mutilation. A
wave of mutilation. A wave of mutilation. A
wave. Wave.

PABLO'S WOMEN

Cindy King

We are women in control. Remember this.
We have mastered the art of weeping,
have learned to cry from one eye at a time.

We wear hearts on our sleeves,
perfume on our wrists with names
that take the place of our feelings.

We bear crosses on soft shoulders,
like the highway's, our names
where the bodies should be.

We make small talk with big
words, words as stiff and sweet
as icing forced into roses.

Like the pastry tube's tip,
we come equipped with
sharp, stainless teeth.

You may see us as an aggregate of
fragments, grains of sand coming
together, as memories that form dreams,

while we see ourselves as glass
in church windows, as bare bulbs
within which burn faith's thin filaments.

We walk on legs not our own, raise
our chins to the moon like wolves.
Thoughts outgrow our bodies and

the expression of rage calls
for our second mouths.

Olivia Cronk

We nurse it in our ratyard.

I am hopping to the old Gloria Swanson.

a worm on my knee

a gold lamé scarf covered in the spilled soup

In a blouse I perspired and walked along, There was a large and deformed
nest. Poorly dressed bats mulling, a breastfeeder's mouth waiting, arrows
arrows golden much little arrows arrows at the lifting brow, the metallic
green eyeliner of

one clay woman

eating from her dented bowl

in the back of the place

I wore my fur coat to your bedroom. I wore my fur coat through the turnstile. I left my fur coat on your bed. I saw that the baby's head was marked in glittery pink lipstick with toast crumbs.

I saw the night in fur. Its arms were benches in the screaming cemetery. The busses don't run there.

White drops on the red rug
Go seeing an old friend in brass and
a Cutlass and a cognac

Back at the house is the big dresser shifting the sunlight from the enclosed
porch.

On the red drug
On the red drug

What women?

the record player scratches out its end
its tail

is a landscape
is a valley
is a rifle
is us and the clay women coming round the bends
screeching
crazy in torn lace and whiteface

GRAYISH-WHITE

Cheryl Clark Vermeulen

This brushstroke's wrought
with companionship. A vestibule
is a friend who enters in.

Will you hide this for me.

The house. The house with its parting
house-flap. The clapboard slats
with their seven mildews leapt to mind.

Everything waving.

*

A bleached spade at my side
I have not worked, have no work.

I'm startled, star-told by a friend
how this house is empty.

*

I wave to a man.

—*Oh, I thought you were someone else.*

—*I am, he pauses, someone else.*

To a man I am a wave.

*

Fastened to un-fascinated
I call no one. Make no attempts.

Whir plus stasis equals crowd.

I've met people who aren't looking
for anyone else. They're full.

See it in their eyes.

*

On the surface the marker bobs.
The marked ones float.

The marksmen clap and kick
not knowing the others float.

A pared-down riot rushes in too much
impediment. You may see where

this has gone. Usually I don't point.
Please take them off my hands.

*

Friends, those loves and cons
seem mismatched. Here

we do not kiss cheeks,
not a single or a double or a triple.

We are each other's periphery.

*

Kith or kin I took stock
of what cut me up what emptied out
what dropped out of sight.
I cursed, I kissed the craters then.

JOKE Q&A WITH MAX TIMCHAK

Max Timchak lives in Oak Park, Illinois. He is five years old and likes jokes. The following Q&A was conducted by Matthea Harvey in December 2011 in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Why was the elephant in the pocket?

Because it was a baby.

Why was the freckle on the sidewalk?

Because it got stuck.

Why did the pancake cross the road?

Because it had feet.

Why is hair always grey?

Because they're pumas.

Why do shirts look so plain?

Because the people, they're hopeless.

Why did the yoghurt never pour out?

Because it was hopeless.

Why do pictures go to the zoo?

Because they're happy.

Why do beer bottles never pour out champagne?

Because a mouse drank all of it.

Why do alligators never wear sweatshirts?

Because they have rectangle bodies.

Why was the shoe on the car?

Because it didn't have shoelaces.

Why do strawberries eat meat?

Because they're meat-eaters.

Why do kangaroos like carrots?

Because they have noses.

Why did the muffin talk to the coffee?

Because the raisins like talking.

Why was the house wearing jeans?

Because it had legs.

Why don't we have teeth on our knees?

So we don't get hurt.

Why did the lady pack bacon in her suitcase?

Because the lady liked the food called bacon.

Why don't numbers count?

Because they're icecream.

Why did the pony fly into the cloud?

Because it had rainshields.

Why does icecream melt in the freezer?

Because it's dead.

Why do eyeballs don't talk?

Because they're icicles.

Why did the lady eat her hand?

Because she liked meat.

Why did the napkin go to the supermarket?

Because it loves donuts.

Why are blankets not cuddly?

Because they're hair for girls.

Why aren't pillows comfy?

Because they're rocks.

[Note from Matthea—Max's explanation for why he always knew the answers to my jokes: "I know your memory and I looked in your diary."]

TRIANGLE

Grant Souders

The triangle when drawn.

The first line is arbitrary, or rather it follows no set rules, save that it be a line segment - meaning that it have a distinct beginning and end.

Magnitude is of no concern.

The second line follows an additional rule - that it begin at one of the first line's endpoints.

This is free arcing from a point.

From that point it might extend as angularly free as it can so long as it not continue the first line.

The third can only connect.

VOCATION

There is a plethora of gravestones
across from the graveyard.
In the earth are the
gravestones still
smoothed by the man who smooths
gravestones. I imagine there is
a man who buys these stones
for the party concerned.
They choose the smoothed stone
from the smoothing man
and purchase. The man who buys
takes the money from the party,
who are sad or tired or not,
to give to the man who smooths.
The man who buys gives the stone
to a man he knows at the other end
of town. This other man practices
a vocation rare among vocations.
He holds a blade to the stone
with the name in mind. The name
has been passed down from the party,
given to the man who buys smoothed stones
who in turn writes the name for the man
with his vocation. He holds the name
in mind with the blade in hand to put the name
to the stone. The stone purchased. Purchased
days ago. What he holds now
he etches and knows nothing of the named.

HOUSE HOME

Lily Brown

If something outside the mind
makes the mind—

I'd rather a ceiling wet with river,
the elemental basement,
cement's slick grit.

Up on the gusty terrace,
experimental glass takes yellow

light down into
its purple middle and
fits it in cellar grey.

At the bottom stair,
I play the alchemical fan

and its pedals
wing the composite up.

I TIE DOWN MY FILL, CLOSE THE SKY

When I went outside and spoke, metal
was coming out of my skin.
I spoke backwards and others
rotated the phrases back for me.
I called for comfort, asking
for something pliable and holy.
I'd sleep here in your crescent
eye, the laughter phasing from your face.
However strange we need to be to get there.
The skin's scales speak of failure
to do something. Easy to fail all day,
then use the word to show
a state of non-achievement
and Mom gets worried about my self-esteem.
I'm only drawing a shape, the way
the dandelion seeds get blown up
or out, crushed down but still taprooted,
a center, an estimation of the present,
what's swelling in the body this fine
hot day, irises blooming, dogs cruising
planets as they mash their bodies
against each other, chin-quaking out
of the understory. What's trying?
Trying's what we cut through
to get experience, the dogs horsing
in the bush, the duck's sudden clang,
or even thick leaves leaning up.
I kneel like some other birth outside

buildings. Purpose falls, too, via gravity's tool.
I push wood from wood, study the spider
davening in its casual sleep,
its body a light switch turning off off off.

SHORE LEAVE

Dan Chelotti

I must acquire a flute
to put the golem to sleep.
If I do not have the flute,
the golem will not fall asleep
and will kill me.
I will not figure this out.
But as I try,
my father lifts weights
and tells me about God.
God, I learn, is very big,
but also very small.
This is important.
It makes me say things like:
O, how I want to learn every name
of every flower! But because
I don't know every name of every flower,
I fear things. I fear that God
is a pixilated man, like me,
walking with his head down
through a forest to a battle
he does not and will not
understand until, years later,
he finds the complete game guide
in a buck store bargain bin,
and attempts to plug it all back in.

A FIND

I see some old Tupperware
wedged under a rock in the woods.
I notice that inside is a weathered
composition book in a plastic bag.
I bend and tilt the Tupperware
to make sure I am
seeing what I am seeing –
I am. I feel watched.
I scan the woods.
I pick up the Tupperware
and scuffle toward an edge
of pine. I walk slowly
back to where I found it
and put it down. I don't
need to read the notebook
to know what it says.
It says, *When still, you feel as if
you are moving through
many sets of doors,
that someday you will open
a door onto a near silent sunrise,
drop this logbook,
and walk on without it.*

POEM AFTER VELÁSQUEZ

Meg Barboza

Dear Shoreline

Dear sure erosion

of everything enumerated

Dear salt mine

Dear coffin factory

If we are enough people

If we are in the streets and

the cars cannot stop us

If we are caparisoned

Dear machinery

Dear cavalry

as we stand before the painting

of the infanta Margarita

in a mourning dress for her father

how

will your heart

find me

how will it know—

the figure a sheen on deep darkness thick

as thousands of steer bent

on sleep and forgetting How I

must wear this mantle to

dissolve me

Look there

ANOTHER SOUND YOUR VOICE CAN MAKE

Jessica Fjeld

Fire in the
The trap laid last weekend
I agreed I would look at
And then the brown leaves

Within earshot it
Whose animal thought
A pile of round
You may be drawn to

Whosever this is
Pain in the laboring
Picked up by the wind it
What they're always saying

The procession extends
Wild hiding in holes
Perfectly healthy
I cannot ever think of

ERASING “THE BIOLOGY OF MEMORY”

*text from “A Quest to Understand How Memory Works” by
Claudia Dreifus, New York Times, March 5, 2012*

Kimiko Hahn

for Matthea and Rob

I.

Unconscious
House

edited

by neighbors. No one spoke to me in school
anymore

roughed up
looted

out.

2.

in the terror quota when
Ludwig made the crossing alone
how unfrightened I was

3.

Fritz

felt
that from schizophrenia to ingrown
toenails
shame
never became a
science.

4.

one at a time

communicates with other cells a hippocampus nerve cell
named Brenda

but alas, that didn't give insight

5.

that in the snail We discovered

enhancing
trauma
is

in the end who we are. We're all
horrible shapes

THE JITTERS

Anne Cecelia Holmes

Here is a mirror you can
almost climb through,
a house that is also
a mechanism. When I think
about what is at stake here
I transmit my voice through
a window fan and hope
you find me. I take
my memory of you
at the stock yard and from it
create an airplane on fire.
It's like I'm a real person
in this strange empty
animal universe,
my large heart always
pumping in a small crowd.
There is love and then
there is the brain circumnavigating
a cloud formation. Pumping
the body full of something
that isn't fluid. You could
believe in me for this wrong
psalm I sing, this tree I grew
from a lawn in the dark.

PRACTICE TEST

I almost say formula
but instead say data
and I am not interested
in the kind of brilliance
this offers. If I don't
have a kingdom I don't
need a pendulum. If I
perform what I know
as true unloveliness
I am a new creature
and I am brave enough
to be wounded. I break
approximately and unfurl
from an understanding
of my own bell curve
as it flattens against
the world.

1985, BRADFORD

*Valley Parade Bradford City football stadium, approx. 3pm, Saturday 11 May;
a flash fire consumed the stand, with 56 fatalities*

Jane Lewty

I am eleven year old miles
And left my father behind
I am bite, I am u men
I am the rain down, the exhaust.
A jigsaw was made of me
The mill worker alight
As for me
I am the Mrs. bedonebyasyoudid.
Wisped woman, stockings stuck
To old legs, hot turf char-baby
In asphalt tangle pillars and struts.
An hour never counted upon, when? Weekly a low lamp
Makes the null sky a head-bind, blanker, less alive.
Noon-onwards snakeroar moving
You in the brewery tap, the dry dock.
Same-sound sound. The crowd
In every slight living-room, live lounge.

Listen to this:
(All you in pitch
In T.V. fatal-mythical):

An unburnt *unburnt* copy of newspaper (1968) was found in the stick-row
of seats Along with a peanut wrapper. Pre-decimalization. Seemingly
Just 90 minutes and the stand would have done its stint

And relegation?
Not a tragedy really (considering).
We went to the Belle Vue pub afterwards
I was not normally allowed in because of strippers
So I halted at the door.

MEDIUMISTIC

Beware the house, its dark bedrail. Turn, windbrushed, no, what stirs
in steady waver of leaves, smoke faint, rebarbative.

Look, the inverted L aerial, endconnected lead-
in. Inside, the embedded plate, buried plates, ground-electrode.

An I-section, rolled beam of "I" in crossway.

(fumbling for the latch) Who? Slick in overdress of net, eye bolted
downward. Smile, caesura cheek to ear.

Ask her what is meant by "A" power supply?

--The first old filament. Anvil of telegraph key. Chasing that tail like a
doggie. The grid and the battery. The 'pre-abampere,' the 'abcouloumb,'
the 'abfarad,' the 'abohm,' the 'abscissa.' The note always mentioned first,
that is, before the ordinate.

What is an anode?

--Unusual heaviness.

Describe what is meant by attenuation

--Loss. Aperiodic untuned not resonant, node, loop, cutout.

What is meant by autodyne reception?

-- Stop quiver in lamp, in air, in furnace.

Describe a band-pass filter

--uncompromising.

What is meant by carrier, the term carrier, what is a carrier wave?

--Toll-line-lengthened, stretched, enough going on. Two, three, four, cropping into spiritspeak.

Give the function of a choke coil

--Approach of someone. A fed-in wind. Crater of arc.

What is meant by continuous waves?

--The arborescent branching of electro-metallurgy, like trees in shape.

What are damped waves

--Accurately bored. Valve or door, chimney, ashpit. Zero unreceived.

What is meant by detection?

--Clamp or jaw of lead, false face. Fit on a vice.

What is an electro-acoustic transducer?

--A radio fairlead, the guide or outlet for a trail.

What is meant by emission characteristics?

--The light at mast and spar of a house. Your etheric double.

What is meant by facsimile transmission?

--Leaf-stuffed head. Holed in for years. Begraved.

What is fading?

--Components arriving in variety. Field trouble, spooling out unheard. Simply not quite there, more like a "was."

What is meant by fidelity?

--Curious figures.

What is a filament?

--Late tubes, short life. Tungsten coated with thorium, platinum, tantalum.

What is a grid?

--Winking and rift. Reft threshold. Drift. Knock on oak. Hallway, landway, margin stand, hatstand. Sawed-like teeth of a seen ghost. Daily diurnal task, a task recurring every day. Depth and havoc.

What is meant by the term "side-band"?

--Disinter.

What is meant by the term "strays"?

--Waste field. Eddy away from a street through ground, pipes, conductors, Counter-radar jam, metalized foil called "chaff," "rope," "flak paper" or "maiden's hair" spread through the air to upset radar. Things that do not

come from the radio.

What is a transmission unit?

--P.I.P or blip. Searchlight for someone.

What constitutes a vacuum?

--Earthe's end, millennia locale. Jackals, serpents, birds.

House a device shut, wounded/wound and closed. This face closed over.

In a dress in the night, knows how to.

ORIGIN STORY

Mary Austin Speaker

It began with a walk in the woods.
The weather became us.

We came to find the owls,
who became trees.

Feathers whitened
the corners of our room

which became our winter habits.
So we invented songs

which became the animals
who abided unseen

in a house that reason left
every time we travelled

into ourselves. When we awoke
our arms were crossed

over our chest like bats.
Dreaming became us.

Only the movies delivered us
from a winter of no color.

We turned on the snow.
We turned on no.

Yes became us
like forever and sunsmell

like patterns and lace
not ever about whether

the world was good or bad
because it was only both.

This is why
we followed animals

and the animals
followed us back.

THE PROGRAM

Lauren Levin

This program,
the program.
Guards come
as a magnet
Touch a point
in commercial
it glows –
laugh
Bracken
term
turn
tern
battle
outlive.
can
it be rented?
touch a point
on the eyeball
Stop, start
A muse
doesn't speak
starts the color
of bus
re-underline
person service
a project mops
mercantile hair

Stop
 They're
on your side
as we experience
a similar frustration
keep the bank.
good bank
bad bank
square crouched
in statue
when dealing
with courage
their program
stop
Squirrel tail
at the window
lost black cord ring
freed floss
guards come
wave's crest ran
fit with a dancer's
blowback
Port Huron blood
this program
other program
ringing people
going their service
in space
love it as a phrase
not a stop, stop
program: icebreaker
source of wealth's

chimney
acoustic mainline
dog thread
These are the things
that appear
disappear
press handsome
hard on the hand
at the side
Stop
record
I didn't leave
like a pile
on this
fourplex
source of wealth's
stop, start
I didn't think
such a fake
captive next called
trance
my eyes ignoring
visual
running on sides texture
looking for the touch
deep in coursework
that a shepherd
start –
do I get a prod
aim did
as rampant
brazen heel packet

ticking on a move
click air lights
keyhole cove
I Zimbra
why someone
should get
rich and eased
and lose their fear
I can buy my blood
without any port
stop –
start, start
acoustic mainline
bubblegoose
acoustic mainline
hospice bus
thigh to side hip
over-shined grid
mares like to listen
Platon
Mr. Clean a logic
back back forth and to
surround by a note
baton
parceling starting
a leg
its work skills supplex.
Start over.
Embrace willful
and reflective
tinsel
wrap a quiver

for implausible wealth
deed signer
gulping strips again
stop start.
the program
this program
what if it keeps
being like this
my whole life?
or what if this
is the best it gets
my whole life?
Does found often
stop, cycle
I can buy
my desolate blood
with sugar
Guards come
as taste cling
cracked camera
as sugary hair
kept under
peak program
speaks to none
Kroger
rush gulp
stop.
demonstration
impresario surround
I'm watching
access running
by the fence

along texture,
marshals marching
I don't think it's
such a great space
frankly
but because there's
a coffin among us
there's courage
what if it's
the best
this flaming
rash
when I grit my teeth
meander
real clothing imports
fit with a dance
impulse balance choke
find that work
stop
more than a bidding sauce
people going their bonds
star ear
product a plume
deal flow
start
painted steel earth
stop
stop
Seattle drooping vision
impulse sketch umbrage
hypercolor out of pine
why should someone

get eased
program
hospice bus
umbrage
a brick
stop
stop
stop
star ear or
Need returns
where its eyes are
taxcolor
private cassettes
tourist with gun
strips away
again to enjoy
sponsors are there
sponsor means only
not being
stop
curve down the rim
of that nonprofit
sponsor snatched
in flight
at convention
program
what streets are
in today?
underlining personal
service
people going their bonds
bidding sauce in the forest

mares like to listen
thigh to side hip
milked and touched in friends
the Saturday with the fedora
arise
and stumble
mining
person out of service
friendship with the staff
a private square
fern shoots into place
Hot Kroger
rush gulp
courage
to spy
program stop
activated
and watching
a fright field
for a bespoke item
my desolate blood
meanders – no, dizzy
my desolate blood
proposes
a choice bought
as a choice
narration
choice
Now I begin
to rub pepper spray
on the eyeball
narration

choice
stop
stop
now
I don't feel
like stopping
the ecstasy of a harsh heart
on a bus
up to the window
acoustic mainline
sugary hair
acoustic maintenance
and the lockdowns
ruffle
trap words
poor patrons
trapping is real
and smooth violence
if, could we suffer
a sustained
long
corporate
temper?
Bracken
battle
outlive
Platon
seek no deed
to do
cross nylon strings
retreat
billboard

the javelina
it heals if I
can leave
blast or trap
to listen
wipe that crest
of a box
look at this real
portionable bell
call the ruffle
that passes through
youth
it could be louder
and the sustain
that
suffers them
to do without
their deeds
and visibility
and limbs
private purse
stop
program
stop
program
listen
shielded by the walk
cue the space
shield the press
watch the platter
mind the friends
dividing

cuffs
guards come
to a magnet
the apartment a hose
15 dollar phone cards
a pubic light cuff
waves' crests ran blood
merely desolate
city
private program
type in verification
wrists in flight
cash crop
poor patron
surrounded
idle work
hooks us
summer flicking couplets
with a coffin among us
like flies,
bleeding verse
at the get eased
rich
and fear –
a friendship
with stars
a contract with hair
peak program
Stop
float
where its eyes
are good

program stop
dyed with pepper
to stumble downstairs
chewing on a strap,
a finger
a hospice brick
in the face
relaunched
my need
my arrogance my clothes
impresario
acoustic
arrest bus
Robert's Rules

Ty Melgren

When Lewis and Clark were flying over the Great Plains for the first time, they looked out the window of their airplane and saw all the buffalo herds looking very very tiny way down below them and Meriwether Lewis woke up Sacagawea to ask what all those things down there were and she said “fleas” as a joke, but he didn’t think it was funny, he just believed her.

IN WEATHER

Andy Stallings

Turning around, now, what
will be

and the more orderly
columns, cars

accelerating, those
slowing down

Distance we see steam
or a city from
above

the child behind with
an idea (about
perspective)

Wild, cold

It is of God
we would speak

Those for whom all
will go wrong
they are

so young

turning around, now
a worse decision, they “expect
to be so good”

so good

impossible that
you will be what
you will be
child –

*

Field, field –
sunder-path, un-
splayed,

desire grown aside
sores or
controlled fire,

under-color.

Field, owl-wish,
small eyes buck
and diminish

sudden ash
of night-
transformation

*

Gaze little violence
over

night grips held
dear

shaken with
voices displacing

the face in your face

on such unfamiliar
chair

Architectures all
around you
fail

*

My daughter, my daughter –
distant body within
whose heart distant
within my arms
beats – sleep –

it is from love all
unkindness falls

dividing width
we know of an hour

it is – sleep –
from midnight sour
down streetlamp
– sleep –

the sequence of
terror smashes
sequence

and finding hand
in my hand it is of you –
my grip – again –

grown least –

*

Who leads me, who leads me now
Streets empty as a boot
Distant headwaters
Somewhere coming blue
As nothing I can hold
Beyond division
Waking sorrow of a face

Inventing common factor you are
The factor of a tissue
Thin as grief
That you now double
Up a sixth approaching
Communion of seed of soil
The unified root
We live I live
I live I have
So much I love
I have so lived I
Live I have so
Much I have so
Much
Love I have
So much I have
So much love
To give –

THE EVENT

"What portions of me be / Assignable . . ."

— Emily Dickinson

Meg Shevenock

The dream of getting eaten by worms—even apples have it.

You promised to sit beside me at the end of the world.

Rain so hard for days on a corrugated-tin roof, beside the largest rising lake in Africa, is not a sound you would forget.

Despite how fast I can run, how far, how many people who'd see me go, and who I'd never see again, what about the trouble if my glasses break?

On the topic of Global Warming, the ventriloquist dummy's jaw fell out in the dirt and we called him "Sweet Dufus" in nervous shame. "Sweet Dufus," you sickee, without another word let us last into the last great sunset.

Let us bring our brothers and our dogs and the babies we have yet to bear.

I need an antique wooden rest, the clamp of metal.

Don't you also, have a lot of cells pressing at the surface, making what you feel? Those moments, not even forsythia's sudden gold I can handle.

Just as the suggestion of teeth makes me dizzy, though I have a small mouth and can bite.

I wear a ski-cap to look more Hollywood. I have sex in the shower with my sunglasses on. But so you know who you're having sex with, I came from the crinkled earth beside a pile of wilted Hustlers, with a love of Saturdays and rainbows. In those woods, I did not come when I was called. Not the first, or the second, or the third time. Only when the indentations died inside my wrists, did I go sliding through the grass toward home.

But I feel that I have a body with my body.

Hold my hand beneath the rusted chandelier.

There are trees that breathe because of our umbilicals.

VOID AND COMPENSATION (REALTOR)

Michael Morse

If we take stock of plain truths, my presence
here and yours there, and consider what kind
of gravel we might use to pave a path

and join the twain; if the measure of our power
to abstract ourselves becomes a kind of labor day
where we morph yet table talk of changes,

then what might we make of our love?
An imagined vireo once known
as *Solitary*, professorial and flown?

In the rented yard I hear a cavalry
of half-notes, wagons circled, a House Wren
singing the green home we might have built.

Back-bush prophet, little trash-talker
who scolds and composes us as rainclouds,
he monologues for leafing and blooming.

Above the grounded and their boundary fences
come intentions and territories wingéd —
I hear songs all morning worth following:

tourist notes necessarily tethered
to an august apparatus, they rise
above property and make of the air

a most excellent canopy of rights.

THE LIGHT BULB EFFECT

Jennifer Stockdale

*Mother, may I take
a hop, a skip, and a jump forward?*

*No, you may take
one big frog-leap forward.*

*Mother, may I run
for ten seconds towards the light?*

*Yes, you may run
full-force towards the light—*

*till I say “stop.”
—STOP—*

*Mother, may I take all
my possessions and friends to protect*

*me as I sashay towards the scorching,
blinding light? No—*

*you may take your flabby body as
a vessel to reach this almost-white—*

*Mother, may I take refuge in your arms—
A respite from my perpetual motion*

*towards the far-off
glint of light? No, you must never swerve*

*in your devotion to this sometimes-
brilliant, sometimes-mottled, guiding, saving light—*

*Mother, may I take two side-ways steps, a kind of
dancing with the sparkling beat-*

*down light? No, you may take a somersault
and two round-offs to tuck and roll into*

*the light. Mother, may I wear my
overcoat as I become enveloped in this*

flaming, carnivorous light?

I KEEP FORGETTING THAT EVERYTHING YOU SAY IS CONNECTED

Nick Sturm

The pamphlet contains no information
regarding how little a bed can be or what
you are doing with those teacups You with
the what face in the what grass Who saves who
when information is lacking The pamphlet
keeps talking about bees & how funny
it is to be an appendage An actual
canyon I just keep moving through
towards a very common problem Everything
divided by something Like how to know that
something without touching it Me
& this couch All those citizens
in the field Some friends in Tennessee
not fighting a war or anything Just seeing
a peacock over a lake I feel totally
cardiovascular How I keep it in
I don't know In the afterlife I think
I'll be almost the opposite of instructions
Kind of blurry Wishing I could stay
here or in Tennessee or wherever else
you are You with the sad face
in the sad grass More than an appendage
More than a bed Kind of like a bee
Meaning if you really love something
lick it

MONT AMERICA

Amanda Nadelberg

i.

Give me an address
married in the snow.
Bell-tram incantations
on the riverboat mind,
a song for boatpeople,
a double sonnet for love,
holding aprons you will not look bad.
People know Sunday. Did I say I hear a symphony.
I honey to blouses, won't catch a lion bird
in den grown legs. Like a man I'm thinking
like two movies at the same time, both classics
in the American sense of the word. American
I am an animal, saw the sea and five seals surfacing
because it was today, cloud dementum, daylight
caulking from no place audible, and the garages
I've parked in fields, errand dream: I have a windy
sister, a colliding mastery, this is my first in a series on
longing. I will be here 'til next Tuesday / will answer
questions during the break.

It was nothing if we were not ourselves
when life was a study of mantels behind
ears. A tender part of any story is a man in his
backyard in the world after the fires. Like a meadow
I am a little like a flower with a bothered throat, singing
impressions of tomorrow today under the influence of nothing and

Baudry, a trunk under new castles, catastrophe in the arbor,
van's persimmon. Turn your face from the country,
good posture in the mountain. Audrey a liar singing
the terror of love between two people is a film I've seen before.
A day unto itself a clean matter, allotment of ether.
See my brothers making noise in their houses.

Taking things out of context to form a party the dog dishwasher
who makes a Gypsy's day brighter than the sun avenge me death
death, an opera who makes it there are two sides to any story
pity misplaced I will save you or die yours is a bag of opera

Unmistaken star bring us back a bevy of things from the shore.
Poland for instance. Our collar bone, your California rights,
two fattish men and a question.

See the blur chart: in a pod of seals I rolled the séance down the hill,
said wind, open, run along to the store. Adequate sundries for
albatross & air, parsnip: say I am the door, say not my body to the not future.

ii.

Whether the earth
Or the machines
I was the earth was
My wordless narrative
The infinite song
As much about
American buildings
As anything. Lodestars?
I hate the little stickers

That they put on all the
Fruit, let me say it another
Way, ruin the corporeal
Undoing of certainty. No,
Someone loves me, Boris Yeltsin.
Did anyone ever want
To be an island with him?
I'm looking for my artificial tears.
Arrivals from the country
There is more rock below
Heroes are hard to find.

iii.

What important was
when I landed the field
someone comes to the door
from Texas. No, let me
come to you, he left a print on me.
It's not that TV is going away,
it's that we think of it differently

The salt roof, September
nurse, she said ready
and I did the baby out.
Unlikely we gave it linens

Fancy be clovered beds
capsizing knapsack days, I do,
how I hope you are pulled over
between the sitcom and the moon.

If I see a smaller cart I will take it

Romantic concerns

things to do with breasts:

open a marble factory in the woods
take a friend out for dinner
introduce yourself to a neighbor
buy milk, asparagus, change the oil
consider the lepers again

A woman with Cheetos on a busy street wipes her hands on her office
dress party, whichever month you're reading this Christmas is coming

iv.

My king answers bull sand
potato hands he drives to the water
a sadder display of narrator washing
gold stars eyeing the ether at night.

It was the desert that did it for me, a sea of tumbled
dishes parading in the sun. Now that I'm not sure
is it all right if I stand here and listen to nobody?
Goodnight nobody, a bridge joking with rain.
Wish that you were less of anyone's conflagration
and more of a sweet treat falling from some
corner of Texas. You never really had a beard.

Ordinary with money and whatever
we buy with it. We used to buy rackets.
Phones are back TV is dead so what

if I want to be in bed. He was like
instruments. If I stood straight I could
see him looking toward where
I was or wasn't depending.

Everything comes from the finishing moon
considering white, running the homesteads back
that is the country at night. In the middle of doorknob families
I am I am I am I am and I don't even know what comfort is.
If I fall down in the middle of the woods
it will not be with a candelabra.

SAKES ALIVE

Nicole Wilson

On the other side of a black hole
is another universe
where you'll meet your second self

What is chewing gum? A brain
trick to think you're eating

Answer the phone
work the shoe
wish a car all day
listening to music
warm weather on your face

Where a person recalls being
thin & ordinary, a singer
knows how not to hurt the throat

TO FORGIVE AN OTHER, ANIMAL

There is an invisible architecture often supporting

crux of kin / we clamp on woes

the girl said sad faces

“how becoming” an antiquated line

raise the arms up & drop them / down

closed tight to the body

what is / and isn't understood

bread brought, a common ritual

to share at a meal / the man noticed

the woman there retying frayed lace

face greeted another by touching foreheads & noses

& sometimes that what a day takes

shoehorn an antiquated notion / or object

SIPHONING

Melissa Ginsburg

We vine the ancient seabeds,
the valley of hard work.

Undersea plants and twisting weeds
Drink it all. We elected

our seabed. We antiqued it.
We siphon, cover

a pipeline of skeletons
while trees burn in thirst.

But we gave you
the water say thank you.

We cover a lot. Your shock,
your cage, your puppies in a sack.

You had that. Say thank you.
It's more than some get.

LET THE FUTURE BEGIN THIS WAY:

Erika Meitner

a house goes up & says Amen
then falls down

which means whole neighborhoods
fade away like that,

with one holy blessing
in the distressed light

ground to gravel,
sputtering engines

of grit & shingle
& shunned dust.

Dust!
The blind angel

of Detroit: head
like a bullet, dollar sign

for a heart. Time was
when even the Bronx

put cheery faces
on crumbling façades:

bright plastic decals
with shutters, curtains,

flowerpots, and even
occupants—what could it hurt?

The old neighborhood was verdant
but not magical, bombed out

but not foolhardy;
go by, and even

thirty years later
the same neighbor

still sits on the stoop.
Let that gutted truth

carry our bodies safe
[between the railway lines] safe

to the shores
of prosperity

where American ruins
stand for failure,

drag us down: things
used to be better;

now, someone
in every city

is guilty
of anonymous assemblages—

heaps of discarded
objects to help us

unforget neighbors
who should have faded

(I watched you disappear
once)

How long? Not long—
How long? Not long—

I feel deeply
that this comfortable existence

How long?
Not long—

is transitory—
that my real home is

How long?
Not long—

in some form
of ghetto,

for whosoever shall call
upon crumbling façades

shall be saved
(from what?)

though the little world
between the railway lines

...
has (long) been swept away

How long?
Not long—

Bleak beauty, good friend
gone blind, can't you see

the neighborhood
smashed to brick dust?

How beautiful
are the feet

of those who bring
good news of good things.

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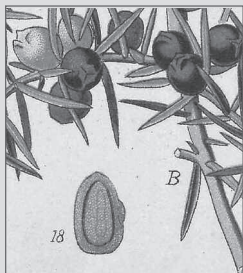
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